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## Canterbury Cathedral



THE magnificence of the building, and the peculiar neatness with which every part, both the edifice and the area which enclose it, are carefully preserved, cannot fail to afford a lively gratification to the admirers of architectural splendour. The approach to the cathedral is from the High Street, under a highly ornamented gateway, decorated with niches, statues, and a profusion of carved work and shields of arms. It bears the date 1517. Hence the opening view of the church, with its lofty tower, delicately ornamented pinnacles, and stately buttresses, is remarkably fine. At the entrance by the west end, the height of the nave, its pillars, and the just proportions of its arches and several parts, its incomparable neatness, and the singular grandeur of the ascent to the choir, have an imposing effect, whilst the sepulchral monuments around inspire the most solemn reflections. The choir is 180 feet in length, the ornaments appropriate, every thing noble, nothing gaudy; the prebendal stall and archiepiscopal throne, magnificent. The body of St. Dunstan was interred near the altar, by the pious care of archbishop Lanfranc; but, after a few years, having been removed to an-

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other part of the building, a dispute arose respecting the identity of the saint's bones; and the monks of Glastonbury, where Dunstan had been educated, claimed the honour of possessing his remains. At length, in order to destroy such pretensions, and moreover to put a stop to the votive offerings at the shrine which his devotees had erected in Glastonbury, and by which, perhaps, those "of like occupation" at Canterbury thought their craft endangered, a diligent search was instituted, the holy relics happily discovered, and an injunction obtained to prohibit all future claims to the possession of so sacred and valuable a treasure. But the principal boast and glory of this church for ages, was the famous shrine of Thomas à Becket, denominated by Mr. Gosling, the *pope's martyr*, as he not unaptly called St. Dunstan, the *pope's apostle*! The spot on which Becket was assassinated, is exactly pointed out on the north side of the western cross-aisle, near the door of the cloisters, by which the archbishop was accustomed to pass from his palace to the choir. The concourse of devout persons continually resorting to this shrine was so great, that the gates of the city were found insufficient to af-

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ford a ready admittance to them, and a new entrance was accordingly made, expressly for their convenience; not less than 200,000 pilgrims having bent the knee at this celebrated shrine in one year, when in the height of its renown. The learned Erasmus has recorded an account of the riches and magnificence which were lavished upon it. "A coffin," says he, "of wood, which covered a coffin of gold, was drawn up by ropes and pulleys, and discovered an invaluable treasure; gold was the meanest ornament to be seen there; every part shone and glittered with the rarest and most costly jewels, of extraordinary size and value; some were larger than the egg of a goose!" Viewing this gorgeous monument the poet might with great propriety exclaim—

"Thou so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

However, in process of time, all this magnificence was doomed to destruction; the treasures, which superstition had heaped together, were seized by rapacity, and the thoughtless multitude readily assisted in violating the sepulchre and burning the corpse of him whom they had lately worshipped as a saint; confirming the truth of the remark, that, "popular applause is lighter than a feather or a bubble, and less substantial than a dream!" But the loss of the shrine was not the only injury which this church was destined to suffer at the hands of reformers. One of the most splendid ornaments of the building, a painted glass window of exquisite workmanship, was destroyed by the puritans in the civil wars, with as much holy zeal as was evinced by those who had ransacked the tomb of Becket. An account of the *pious labours* of those modern Vandals was preserved by one of their fraternity, Richard Culmer, who himself assisted in that notable undertaking, and calls his relation of it "*a merry narrative*." "The commissioners," says he, "fell presently to work on the great idolatrous window on the left hand as you go up into the choir, for which window (some affirm) many thousand pounds have been offered by outlandish papists. In that window was the picture of God the Father and of Christ, besides a large crucifix, and the picture of the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove, and of the twelve apostles; and in that window were seven large pictures of the Virgin Mary, in seven glorious appearances; as of angels lifting her into heaven, and the sun, moon, and stars, under her feet; and every picture had an inscription beginning with *Gaude, Ma-*

*ria, &c.* There were also many other pictures of popish saints, as of St. George, &c.; but their prime saint, archbishop Becket, was most rarely pictured with cope, rochet, mitre, crosier, and in pontificalibus, &c." He adds, "A minister was on the top of the city ladder, near sixty steps high, with a pike in his hand, *railling down proud Becket's glassy bones*, when others then present would not venture so high." But there was one circumstance attending the transaction, which pious Mr. Culmer has not thought proper to insert in his *merry narrative*, namely, that whilst the godly minister, whose zeal he has been pleased to record and commend, was so employed, a townsman among the surrounding spectators asked him what he was about; "I am doing the work of the Lord," said the fanatic; "Then," rejoined the other, "if it please the Lord I will help thee," and immediately threw a large stone with so much good will that it knocked the Saint off the ladder, and nearly beat his brains out. There are still remaining in some of the windows, the figures of king Edward IV. and his queen, prince Edward, Richard, duke of York, and three princesses; but the dates, legends, and inscriptions, have all been defaced. The east end of the choir terminates with a window opening into that part of the building called Becket's crown, where the high altar formerly stood, and in which is still remaining the archiepiscopal chair, or seat, of grey marble. The monuments in the cathedral are numerous; many of them interesting from their antiquity, few from their elegance of design, but some on account of the persons to whose memory they were erected. Amongst them, those of king Henry IV. and his queen Joan, whose effigies are recumbent under a canopy adorned with the royal arms of England, France, Navarre, &c.; and near the monument is a small chapel appropriated to the performance of the *masses of requiem*. There is also a magnificent memorial which was erected in memory of Edward, commonly called the Black Prince, with his figure of brass or copper gilt, in armour, and with an *abacus*, or cap of state, surrounded with a coronet or circle of gold, once ornamented with precious stones. His head rests on a helmet, and above are suspended gauntlets ornamented with his coat of arms, and quilted with fine cotton, but much decayed and most dismally soiled by time and dust. The scabbard of his sword (which latter is said to have been taken away by Oliver Cromwell) is still remaining, and also his shield, which has handles affixed to

it, and is hung up near the tomb. The cloisters adjoining the cathedral northward, deserve the notice of visitors, and on the same side of the church is a very curious specimen of ancient Saxon architecture, in the remains of the entrance into the *Domus Hospitium*, or apartment formerly designed for the entertainment of poor pilgrims who stood in need of the hospitality of the monks. One of the most extraordinary objects of attention here, is the French church, appropriated to the use of Protestant refugees of that nation, and formed of the crypt under the cathedral. It is probably of higher antiquity than the superstructure, and Mr. Gosling supposes, from the style of architecture and other circumstances, that it is coeval with the reign of Alfred; having escaped the destructive effects of fire, by which the main body of the edifice has, at different times, repeatedly suffered. The building as it stands at present, was begun about the year 1174, but not completed until the reign of Henry V.

It is scarcely possible to picture to the mind any edifice more venerable in its appearance than this magnificent fabric; and as there is no visitor who can examine Canterbury Cathedral without admiration, so there are few who will leave it without reluctance; although new and interesting objects solicit notice, we still cling with fond attachment to the sacred spot, and when at length compelled to proceed, cast "many a longing lingering look behind."

## MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF ALL NATIONS.

### No. VII.

#### THE PORTUGUESE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE earnest application received by our government from *Donna Isabella Maria*, princess regent of Portugal, claiming his majesty's aid against any hostile aggression from Spain—the immediate assistance granted by the British senate—and the instant departure of the troops for actual service—have greatly excited public attention; and I therefore presume the following sketches of the manners, habits, and customs of the Portuguese will prove acceptable to the readers of the MIRROR:—

The Portuguese were formerly possessed of considerable settlements in the East Indies, and towards the middle of the sixteenth century, knew more of the mathematics than any other people in the world. Indolence and luxury, the sure

precursors of decay, have however effected a wonderful alteration in their character, and could a person who had lived two hundred years ago but witness their present condition, he would scarcely believe them to be the same people.

The nobility are called *dons*, and the inferior nobility or gentry, *hidalgos*; of the former a very unfavourable account is given in the *Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, &c.*, where it is stated that they often keep fifty or sixty retainers, by whose assistance they waylay, rob, or assassinate any person who may have incurred their displeasure. Our author relates the following as a fact:—"A Belgian gentleman, on coming from the opera, in 1800, was pursued by a gang of these heroes; but screening himself suddenly in a part of the arch near Isidro's eating-house, they passed the place of his concealment. Failing in their attempt to catch him, they were bitterly upbraided and abused by one of the party; and he heard the others answer, 'It is not our fault if he escaped; your excellency must have seen that we were close upon his heels; but he has disappeared. Nossa Senora (our lady) knows where.'"

The little care taken in the education of the children of the nobility is truly lamentable. Instead of their time being usefully employed in pursuits that tend to improve the mind, it is wasted in lounging about with a set of "worthless wretches in the stables, tossing up coppers with them in the court-yard, playing at *bisca* (a game at cards), with them on the flights of steps, and learning to smoke cigars in a knowing style, with a whip in the other hand, and the hat, with the true bravo air, cocked up on one side. They also frequent the riding-house, if that name may be given to a place in which they are taught to sit as upright as a poker, not on a saddle, but in a box, out of which it is impossible to be thrown. Yet when securely packed in these wooden cases, the proudest cavalier of Portugal never dare to attempt the mighty hazard of a leap."—*Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, &c.* The *hidalgos* in the evening, principally amuse themselves with gambling, which is carried to the highest pitch; and their games consist chiefly of rondo and loto. The established religion is the Roman Catholic, but by the new Constitution, other beliefs are tolerated.

The author of the work before referred to, gives the following account of the *Intrudo*, or Carnival—"which lasts for about a fortnight before the commencement of Lent. In the higher classes

there is, on these occasions, much gaiety, dancing, and playing at round games; but with the exception of a few masks, who chance to appear in the course of the *soirée*, nothing particular distinguishes it as a season of merriment. These masks are more calculated to create gloom than to excite gaiety, for they stalk awkwardly into the room without even an attempt, however wretched, to support the character they have assumed; and if any children be present, they are sure to get pulled to pieces, for children instead of being sent early and wholesomely to bed as in England, are initiated into company at the most tender age, are taught to play at rondo, to enter into every conversation, and to do in every respect as full grown people. The consequence is, that both girls and boys have the most pale, meagre, vigil-like aspects imaginable. In the middling classes, the frolics of the carnival consist in throwing hair powder and water in each other's faces and over their clothes; and pelting the passengers with oranges, lemons, eggs, and many other missiles, besides throwing buckets of water on them. Ladies are not unfrequently seen hiding behind a balcony or window shutter, with a huge syringe in their hands, watching the approach of a gentleman, who may be coming along the street, in order to squirt its contents into his eyes. Many provide themselves with small bottles made of India rubber, having an ivory pipe at the end, which, when the bottle is squeezed, projects the water contained in it to a great distance. Amongst the rabble there is no low contrivance left untried, in order to vex and plague each other; and this is what they consider as admirable sport. A black-guard boy will be seen with a long hollow cane in his hand, filled with hair powder, walking behind some poor peasant woman with a basket of fruit on her head, then tapping her on the shoulder with one end of the cane, to make her look round, and applying his mouth to the other, he blows its contents into her face and eyes, giving her a most sepulchral look, which excites the merriment of every one but herself. Other fellows have a stuffed glove smeared over with grease and chimney-black, at the end of a long stick, with which they tickle the ears of passengers who, if they happen to look round, receive from it a slap in the face. A circumstance which happens to almost every person who dares to walk the streets on the three last days of the *Intrudo*, is having a long cut paper tail hooked on to his dress behind, which is no sooner done than a cry of "*raho leve*" "he has a tail," is set up on all sides, and will follow him every-

where, until he becomes aware of the cause of it. Another common trick is to cut out of a piece of old hat the figure of an ass with very long ears, which being rubbed over with whiting and slapped upon a man's back, leaves a good and distinct asinine impression, and never fails to excite a hearty laugh at the expense of the bearer. At *S. Ubes*, the quantity of oranges scattered about the streets on these occasions by being thrown at people, would suffice at least to load five or six vessels of 200 tons burthen. The bull-fights of the Portuguese are well known, and their barbarity and cruelty to the poor animals, are most abominable; possessing not the slightest spark of that courage which characterized the bull-fighters of the olden time.

Dancing is much in vogue among these people; but as in England, the country dances have given precedence to quadrilles. The superstition of the Portuguese is proverbial; omens, lucky and unlucky days are universally believed in; and it is even said that the carriers refrain from greasing the wheels of their vehicles, in order that their creaking noise may keep off the evil spirits from man and beast.

"The Portuguese are a commercial people, and in general, (says Jacob Brito,) better turned for trade than the Spaniards; and in their harbours you constantly see a great number of foreign ships, particularly English, who carry on a great trade with them; and a considerable number of English merchants are settled in the country, and enjoy several privileges. Business is generally transacted in this country in the mornings and evenings, and noon is the time of rest, as is usual in other warm climates."—*Mavor's Universal History*.

The music which the Portuguese play, on their wire-strung guitars, consists principally of waltzes, landums, and the accompaniments of their *modinhas*. The waltzes are chiefly of their own composition, and are generally very pretty, and strongly tinged with the national languishing expression. The landums are more particularly Portuguese than any other music. Their guitar seems made for this sort of music. To be well played, it is necessary that there should be two instruments, one of which plays merely the motive or theme, which is a beautiful and simple species of *arpeggio*, whilst the other improvises the most delightful airs upon it. In these, full scope is given to the most musical and richest imagination possible, and they are occasionally accompanied by the voice; in which case it is usual for the words also to be improvised. This kind of music is always of

an amorous melancholy nature; to such a degree indeed, that I have seen it draw tears from those hearers, whose hearts were at all tender, or who found in the words of the musician something analogous with their own situation.

Their treatment of animals is very barbarous, for they never permit them to lie down, the halter being shortened to prevent their so doing. The uncleanness of these people exceeds all description; Mrs. Baillie, speaking of Lisbon, says, "You are suffocated by the steams of fried fish, rancid oil, garlic, &c., at every turn, mingled with the fetid effluvia of decayed vegetables, stale provisions, and other horrors, which it is impossible to mention. Wretches, of a lower and more squalid appearance than the most sordid denizens of St. Giles's, lie basking in the sun, near the heaps of impurity collected at the doors, while young women hang far out of the windows above, at if they were trying purposely to inhale the pestilence which contaminates the air beneath. Men and women, children, and pigs, dogs, cats, goats, diseased poultry, and skeleton hogs, all mingle together in loving fellowship, each equally enjoying what seems to be their mutual element—dirt!"

Nevertheless, the Portuguese are a charitable people, though in a small way. In the course of the day they give to a number of beggars; the gift seldom exceeding a five reis bit, which is rather less than a halfpenny. If, however, they are not inclined to give anything, their manner is exceedingly humane towards the petitioner, and calculated to reconcile him to his disappointment, as they move their hats, saying, "God favour you, my brother," upon which the beggar replies, "Be it for the love of God," and continues his way. The Portuguese are by no means susceptible of cold, and seldom, if ever, keep any fires in the winter, however severe the weather may be. They are very civil to strangers, and it is stated that they will pardon in a foreigner what nothing less than life can atone for in a native.

Very little ceremony is used at the funerals of the Portuguese, as appears by the following extract from *A Campaign in Portugal*:—"The corpse was laid on the back, with hands crossed, and tied together; the face quite exposed; the body (overspread with nothing but a shroud) was carried on an open bier with a sort of tester, and thrown into a hole, like a dead dog. Instead of any solemnity at the moment of interment, the fellows around were in argumentative conversation; and one of them jumped

into the grave which was but just deep enough to bury the deceased, covered the face with a cloth, and began filling up the hole with the skulls and bones which were torn up in digging it."

"The Portuguese (says a modern writer) observe many little customs, trifling in themselves, but calculated to promote a tendency to devotion, and a continual feeling of gratitude to the Supreme Being. For instance, in the morning early, just as day begins to peep, the bells toll three distinct strokes, which in the convents are a summons to matins; and labourers on their way to their occupations invariably uncover themselves at this signal, make the sign of the cross upon their breasts, and then pour forth a brief but earnest prayer. At mid-day, the same signal is given; and people of all classes in the streets uncover themselves, make the sign of the cross, and pray. The same custom is observed also at sun-set, when thanksgivings are offered up for preservation during the day. However interesting the conversation in which they may have been engaged, it is immediately suspended at this invitation to prayer." The author of *Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, &c.* relates a very curious custom of these people. "If you chance to sneeze in the street, whilst passing several persons deeply engaged in conversation, you will observe them all move their hats to you, accompanying this civility with '*Dominus tecum.*' In a room full of company, if one person sneezes, all the rest make him a profound inclination, and exclaim as above. I happened to be one day in the college of nobles, at the time when the studies in mathematics were going on. There were, I suppose, about eighty students present, and the professor happening to sneeze, all these gentlemen rose up and bowed to him with respectful '*eivas.*' If, however, the sneeze immediately follows a pinch of snuff, a difference is made, as no compliment is then required; and to prevent it, the snuff-taker exclaims, after his first sneeze, 'Take no notice of it, it is snuff;' after which he might sneeze his nose off without being saluted."

The men are tall, and well proportioned, and naturally of a grave disposition; and the females are very beautiful, with black sparkling eyes, and complexions approaching the olive hue. Their beauty is however of but short duration, and the paints and washes which they use in much profusion, tend rather to disfigure those charms they are so anxious to preserve. When they walk out, they wear long veils, which cover their heads, but

leave their engaging countenances open to the gaze of the passenger. They are very agreeable companions, full of life and spirit, but their conduct will not bear the strictest examination as to propriety. Spectacles are much worn both by men and women, "not so much to aid their sight, as to denote their wisdom and gravity." The females wear their hair in beautiful long ringlets, which they ornament with jewels, artificial flowers, &c.

With regard to the character of the Portuguese, they are said to be of a proud, treacherous, and vindictive disposition, but charitable, generous, and in some cases, brave to an extreme. They are very witty in conversation, but indolent, "and so fond of luxury, that they spend all their wealth in the purchase of foreign merchandize." The horrid crime of drunkenness is held in abhorrence by the Portuguese, and it is stated by an author of repute, that they sometimes abstain from wine for a month together. The most reproachful epithet you can bestow on a man in Portugal is *bebida inglesa*, English sot.

W. C.—Y.

### CASTLES.

*British—Anglo-Saxon—Danish—Norman—Border Mansions—Round Towers, &c.*

(For the Mirror.)

**BRITISH CASTLES.**—Gildas mentions strong, fortified, very tall houses, built upon the top of a hill or mount; and Nennius, *arces*, with gates and castles, both of brick and stone. Sir R. C. Hoare discriminates two styles, the first, a steep hill terraced, with excavations, surrounded by an enclosure of loose stones on the top; the second style, consists of stones cemented by mortar; also on an eminent situation, generally an outwork, and an artificial mount of earth for a citadel. The finest specimen we have is *Tŷr Caeri*, or the town of Fortresses, in Caernarvonshire, near *Nant-y-Gwyrtneyn*, or Vortigern's valley, unquestionably the retreat of that prince.

**ANGLO-SAXON CASTLES.**—*Asser*, contemporary with Alfred, says that this king made a castle at Athelney; and Wallingfold calls it *munitionem arcem*. It is now Borough-bridge: at the foot of the hill is a river; for says *Asser Menevensis* unless water were near a castle, it was not deemed tenable. The keeps stood on the wall of the castle area. Coningsborough in Yorkshire, once belonged to Harold, and a royal British

city, is a fine specimen of an Anglo-Saxon Keep. It is a lofty round tower, divided and strengthened by six great square buttresses, so expanding as to give greater strength to the base. The ascent to the door a great height from the bottom, is direct by a steep flight of stone steps. The floor is on a level with the door, and in the middle is a hole opening into a dungeon of vast depth; and at the bottom is a well. Above, were two other floors; to each a fire-place, and the chimney pieces supported by capitals, yet remain. A gallery within the wall, runs round the building. Corfe and Sturminster were likewise Anglo-Saxon palaces.

**DANISH CASTLES.**—These are round keeps upon conical hills like the British. Dr. Ledwick says, the Danish forts were of clay, lime, or stone. The *fossatum* was generally a conical rising ground. The first intrenchment was made on the top, and the earth thrown round the hill. Mallet says, their fortresses were only rude castles, situate on the summits of rocks, and rendered inaccessible by thick mis-shapen walls which run winding round them, in which they secured the women, children, &c.

**NORMAN CASTLES.**—The simple rude tower of the Anglo-Saxon is, besides interior additions, enlarged into a gun-dulf keep, i. e. a resemblance of that of Rochester. This keep is an interesting model of fabrics of the sort.

**Entrance.** The Norman castle was entered by a grand staircase, which went partly round two of the outside fronts of the castle, and ended in a grand portal, before which was a drawbridge. To enter, the following progress was indispensable: First you passed the drawbridge, and a gate about the middle of the staircase, to arrive at the portal. Secondly, upon arriving there you found it merely the entrance of a small annexed tower; the whole of which latter might be demolished without injury to the body of the castle. Thirdly, within this tower was a sort of vestibule, from which was a second entrance (the real entrance of the keep) through a second portal, placed in the thickness of the wall. The first and second portals were each defended by a portcullis and pair of gates, so that there were three strong gates to be forced, and two portcullises to be destroyed, before even this entrance could be gained. Besides this, the only entrance was a small sally-port ascended only by a movable ladder, which had no communication with the floor above, but by a small winding staircase, which one man could easily defend, from its narrowness and form.



Ground floor. No windows at all; and very few loop holes.

First floor. No windows within the tower itself, only loop holes.

Second floor. Windows so high, that no weapon could be shot into the room to do mischief.

Third floor. Here were the rooms of state.

The lower apartments were destined for the stores.

The dungeon was descended by a steep narrow staircase from the ground floor of the great tower. It had no windows, and the only cavity for admitting air was a trap-door in the vestibule. A gutter carried off the water from the floor, which is made sloping to it.

Twelfth century. The usual attack of castles was by mining, and assailants working below in the ditch upon the wall by pick-axes, under the protection of others, covering the operators with shields, and archers shooting at the besieged upon the walls. To impede these an improvement was introduced, that of enlarging the base. An old poem of this age says, they consist of a ditch or moat; the barbicans, or watch towers upon the outer walls, the outer bailey or yard, then the building with the hall, kitchen, &c.; the inner bailey or court, the keep or high tower, with its well, dungeon, and evidence or muniment room; terras walk going round the building; among the most common appendages, a straight bowling alley.

Hitherto the test of castles is reduced to a simple standard; the lofty commanding character of the keep, and the mere addition of low walls and buildings.

Thirteenth century. The Normans, says Strutt, defended the base court from the keep; but a defence from many towers must be better than from one. Accordingly in 1190, towers are ordered to be annexed to the walls of Paris; and in 1241 lofty towers and double walls occur. The garrison, after defending the walls, upon their demolition fled to the keep. To augment the fortifications, therefore, so that various towers became keeps, was, in fact, a desideratum. Accordingly, in this century keeps were surrounded with a court of high walls, furnished with angular towers.

Fourteenth century. In this era three styles appear. 1st the quadrangular; 2nd the rounded; the castellated mansion. The first style is a square court with angular towers and machicollated gateways, sometimes flanked by slender round towers. Thus Lumley built in 1389, Hilton, Bodenham, and others. The second style consists of low round

keeps, semi-circular walls, and round towers. Of the third style, or castellated mansions soon.

Fifteenth century. The general characteristic is lightness, slender machicollated towers. So Caister in Norfolk; but most edifices of this era are:—

CASTELLATED MANSIONS.—Edward III. completed the idea of the palace, and that of the mere castle began to be lost. Soon afterwards succeeded the spacious hospitable mansion, embattled only for ornament, and containing vast combinations of ill-matched rooms, as if they had been made at various times. In the illuminated Froissart, in the Bodleian library, are numerous representations of the first castellated mansions. They have a mixed character of a keep and house; have angular demi-towers square, the faces diagonal to the building, and differ from the castle in having pine-end roofs. They stand within a moat, and have towered gateways. Hurstmonceux in Sussex, built temp. Hen. VI. is a complete representation of a castellated mansion, full of turrets and ornamented windows and pinnacles.

Sixteenth century. The castle adapted to residence and war occurs at Thornbury in Gloucestershire, built by Edward duke of Buckingham, beheaded by Henry VIII. The range of apartments is affixed to a strong tower, at one end, which flanks and protects them. Before these can be reached a large court filled with barracks and loop-holes must be carried.

BORDER MANSIONS.—These were very curious buildings having a resemblance to a church, house, and castle, united in one. Northam is a fine specimen. It assimilates a church with transeps and tower in the centre, but has not arched windows. It is enclosed by an embattled wall for the nocturnal protection of the castle.

The idea of Julius Cæsar's building round towers out of vanity, in denotation of conquest, certainly prevailed in the middle ages, from whence they denominated towers of this fashion. Juliet's, a maiden tower, about which term there has been much dispute, merely meant one which had never been taken, as a maiden oak means one which has never been cut

J. G. S.

### MULTUM IN PARVO.

(For the Mirror.)

THE Georgian planet was discovered by Dr. Herschel in the year 1781; the planet Juno in 1804, by Harding; and the planet Vesta by Olbers, in 1807.—England and Scotland united, May 1, 1707.

—The first health was drank in the reign of king Vortigern.—Clocks and watches were unknown to the Romans.—Phidias, Lysippus, and Myron, according to Pliny, were the most celebrated sculptors among the ancients. Hawking was not known in England until the days of Ethelbert.—The Romans entirely left England in the year A. D. 448, after having it in their possession for near 400 years.—Mary, queen of Scots, imprisoned in Carlisle Castle, 1568.—The twopenny post-office established in 1683.—Spring pocket-watches invented by Dr. Hook, in 1658.—Windmills invented, 1299.—The order of the garter instituted in 1350, by Edward III.—Cannon first used in battle, 1535.—Dissection first practised on an animal by Democritus.—The mariners' compass invented, 1302.—The famous Chinese wall built, A. C. 213 years.—The first English bible printed in 1530.—Hats were not known before the year 1449.—The *Habeas Corpus* act passed in the year 1679.—Crassus, grandfather of the triumvir, never laughed. Stereotype printing was adopted by the University of Cambridge in 1804, and by the University of Oxford in 1805.—Calderon was the first dramatic author of note in Spain, as Shakespeare was in England.—In the library of Brazen-Nose College, Oxford, is preserved a portrait of John Middleton, an English giant, who was born in 1577; his height was nine feet seven inches, which is nearly the height of Goliath.—The beautiful temple of Minerva, at Athens, is now converted into a Turkish mosque.—The eldest son of the king of Spain is styled prince of the Asturias, and the younger sons are denominated infants.—Some travellers affirm that Morocco contains a vast number of gold and silver mines, notwithstanding our most celebrated geographers make no mention of them.—No grandee in Spain can be apprehended for any crime but by the express command of the king.—68,596 persons died in London of the plague in the year 1607. The litany was printed in the English language, and ordered to be read in our churches, in the 35th year of the reign of Henry VIII.—Italy has fifteen universities.—It is computed that the amphitheatre at Verona will contain 24,000 persons.—18,000 people perished when the port town of Catania, in Italy, was overthrown by an earthquake, in the year A. D. 1693. G. W. N.

### MISERIES.

THOUGH hourly comforts from the gods  
we see,  
No life is yet life-proofs from miserie.

### CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

(For the Mirror.)

\* England was merry England when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again;  
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer  
A poor man's heart through half the year.\*

THE relation of the olden customs of Christmas have been frequent; but the pleasing illustrations they produce of the merry and generous practices of our "gone by" brethren is, perhaps, an equivalent for the frequent intrusion.

Whenever imagination produces a picture of these festivities, I long for their existence again. It is a period of the year of all others the most fitted for those once prevalent sports. It is a season the most cheerless; the clouds and vapours increasing, and the chilliness of winter's near approach, accelerating not the most enlivened ideas, we have the greater relish for Christmas gambols. It is a season also when, if ever the shouts of mirth and gratitude were to echo in the heavens, it should be now. The mind is first awakened and associated with the origin of our faith, which breathes a lesson of love and peace, and, sanctioning lively and cheerful habits, accompanies us until the morning of the day that brought Christianity and blessings to the world, and then we were wont to burst forth in the "full jubilee" of our blended feelings of sacred mirth and convivial imaginations. Alas! it must be spoken, these healthful and pleasing feelings are substituted by a wretched practice of silence, incorporated with selfish love; no emblem remains, except the universal annual pudding. To point out a few of the facts connected with these ancient customs, (carefully avoiding, as far as recollection will permit, all *bona fide* repetitions of what appeared in your former volumes,) is my present object.

### WAITS.

THE custom of strolling from street to street with musical instruments and singing seems to have originated from a very ancient practice which prevailed, of certain minstrels who were attached to the king's court and other great persons, who paraded the streets, and sounded the hour—thus acting as a sort of watchmen. Some slight remains of these still exist, but they no longer partake of the authoritative claim as they originally did, as the "lord mayor's music," &c. It may not, perhaps, be generally known, that even at the present day "waits" are regularly sworn before the "court of burgeses" at



Westminster, and act under the authority of a warrant, signed by the clerk, and sealed with the arms of the city and liberty; in addition to which, they were bound to provide themselves with a silver badge, also bearing the arms of Westminster.

## CAROLS.

THE popularity of carol-singing appears to have been so universal as to have been practised by the peasants, the clergy, and the throne. Bishops carolled at Christmas among their clergy; and Henry VII. in the third year of his reign, kept his Christmas at Greenwich, where, after the king's first course, the dean, and those of the Chapel Royal, "*sang a carol*." On Christmas days formerly carols were sung instead of psalms, the whole congregation joining, the clerk closing by wishing all present a merry Christmas and a happy new year. The Welsh seem to have indulged in the practice of carol-singing to a greater extent than either England or Ireland, (the custom being unknown in Scotland,) for they had Christmas, winter, and summer carols. Amongst the first published collection of carols, is one printed by Wynkin de Worde about 1521. Bishop Taylor says that the "*Gloria in Excelsis*," the hymn which the angels sung to the shepherds at our Lord's nativity, was the ancient Christmas carol.

## EVERGREENS.

Or these lovely tokens of gladness but a scanty portion now remain, it being almost entirely confined to the neat kitchen-window of the thrifty servant, and the sparing portions which ornament our churches. The pleasing custom is derived from ancient heathen practice, and extended to the decking of churches, houses, and streets. It consisted of holly, laurel, and mistletoe. Holly grew formerly in abundance in Surrey. The varieties of this plant (40 or 50) is derived from *Flex aquifolium*, or common holly-tree. Mistletoe never entered churches except by mistake, as being the heathenish or profane plant. It is entirely parasitical, and no art can make it take root in the earth. The cutting of this plant took place with great solemnity by our ancestors.

## MINCE-PIES.

THESE pies were formerly made in the shape of a cradle, or a *cratch*, a manger, and first derived from the practice at Rome of presenting the fathers of the Vatican with paste images and sweetmeats. In a tract printed in the time of

Queen Elizabeth or James I., they were called "*minched pies*."

## CHRISTMAS GENERALLY.

THE manner in which this period of the year has been observed has often varied, though never with less veneration or hospitality than now. The observances of the day first became to be pretty general in the Catholic church about the year 500. By some of our ancestors it was viewed in the double light of a religious and joyful season of festivities, (and, perhaps, were right in so thinking.) Our Catholic ancestors acknowledged it with religious feelings and superstitious mummery. The midnight preceding Christmas day every person went to mass, and on Christmas day three different masses were sung with much solemnity. Others celebrated it with great parade, splendour, and hospitality. In short, from what can be generally gathered, it appears to have been a time when all individuals were determined to make themselves and all around them happy. Business was superseded by merriment and hospitality; the most care-worn countenance brightened on the occasion. The nobles and the barons encouraged and participated in the various sports; the industrious labourer's cot, and the residence of proud royalty, equally resounded with tumultuous joy. The wassail-bowl and song, the roasted pears and chestnuts, the mistletoe and holly, were all the dear gifts of that season, and in their turn contributed to accelerate those feelings which promote generosity, and uncloud the mist which frequently obscures the more cheerful thoughts. From Christmas day to Twelfth day there was a continued run of entertainments, which, when we reflect that they were amusements coupled with numerous gifts of food and clothing to the more humble classes, it must have truly been the "merriest month of all the year." But the air no longer echoes to the mirthful sounds—the harp no longer tunes to the evening dance—nor the green sward feel the wrestler's well-trimmed shoe—all is wrapt in quietness, and the annual peals ring and ring, and unnoticed die away. I am almost too loth to say, that the whole of the actions of Englishmen are guided by an object—that there is no genuine disinterested feelings, such as formerly led us to hospitality and mirth. Not only did our ancestors make great rejoicings on, but before and after Christmas day. By a law in the time of Alfred, the "twelve days after the nativity of our Saviour were made festivals;" and it moreover appears from Bishop

• Thus we have the origin of Twelfth-day.

Holt, that the whole of the days were dedicated to feasting and jollity.

Our ancestors' various amusements were conducted by a sort of master of the ceremonies, called the "Lord of Misrule," whose duty it was to keep order during the celebration of the different sports and pastimes. The universities, the lord mayor and sheriffs, and all noblemen and gentlemen, had their "lords of misrule." These lords were first preached against at Cambridge by the Puritans, in the reign of James I., as unbecoming the gravity of the university.

The custom of serving boars' heads at Christmas bears an ancient date, and much ceremony and parade has been occasionally attached to it. Henry II. "served his son (upon the young prince's coronation) at the table as server, bringing up the *boar's head* with trumpets before it." But when the barons made merry and feasted, we do not hear of the *mere head* painted, but the whole boar, stuck with rosemary, oranges, and apples, and put on the table richly gilded by way of brawn.

In a limited publication, that must embrace diversified subjects, brevity is essential; sufficient therefore to say, that when Christmas had its spiced ale and wassail—song and sports—its yule doughs, pies, and cakes—its mumming and its merry reel, and "foot and plough dance," and

\* Power laid his rule aside,  
And ceremony doff'd his pride."

dull December was the sunshine of winter.

Much as we may regret the absence of some of these Christmas observances, our ancestors were not always permitted to participate in them, for it appears that Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide pastimes were all once abolished by a special ordinance of the House of Lords, dated 1647, the commencement of which runs as follows:—

"Die Mortis, 8 Junii, 1647.

"Forasmuch as the feasts of the nativity of Christ, Easter and Whitsuntide, and other festivals, commonly called holydaies, have been heretofore superstitiously used and observed, bee it ordained, that they be no longer observed as festivals and holydaies within this kingdom of England and dominion of Wales."—Instead of which holydays, all scholars, apprentices, and servants were ordained to take for recreation every second Tuesday in the month.

Having made the above gleanings, Mr. Editor, I beg to leave you and your readers until the opening of the new year, wishing, that though we no longer enjoy

those innocent and kind pastimes, the offsprings of simplicity, which our forefathers did, that we may be still able to indulge in a cheering smile, and that goodness of nature which natural piety, entwined with innocent mirth and harmless pleasure, must always produce.

A. B. C.

## CHRISTMAS.

(For the Mirror.)

WHETHER this festival was always observed on the 25th of December, is a matter of doubt. Dr. Cave is of opinion that it was first kept by the eastern church in January, and confounded with the Epiphany, till, receiving better information from the western churches, they changed it to that day. St. Chrysostom affirms, that it was not above ten years since Christmas began to be celebrated in the church of Antioch upon that day. Clemens Alexandrinus reckons from the birth of Christ to the death of Commodus, exactly 194 years, one month, and thirteen days; which time, being taken according to the Egyptian account, and reduced to the Julian or Gregorian style, makes the birth of Christ fall on the 25th or 26th of December; yet notwithstanding this, the same father tells us, that there were some who, more curiously searching after the year and day of Christ's nativity, affixed the latter to the 25th of the month *Pachon*. Now, in that year in which Christ was born, the month *Pachon* commenced the 30th of April; so that, according to this computation, Christ was born on the 16th of May. Hence we may see how little certainty there is in this matter, since so soon after the event the learned were divided in opinion concerning it. As to the antiquity of this festival, the first footsteps we find of it were in the second century, about the time of the emperor Commodus.

Saints' days and holidays are, however, but little regarded among us at present, and indeed have been reduced in number by act of parliament; yet there are in the merry Christmas sports and jocund new year doings, in which our forefathers were wont to indulge, something that *still* promotes the great cause of universal good fellowship, and unmingled, unqualified good will. With such kindly feelings and excellent principles is this one great festival at least kept in mind. The mistletoe and white thorn, with its cheerful green, and red and white berries, form a glorious and refreshing object. These, it is worth remarking, may be propagated by seed on any tree whatever, and that very easily; for if about this time, when

the berries are ripe, we apply them on the smooth bark of a tree, their viscidly will make them stick; and, provided they are not devoured by birds, we may expect a new plant the following year without any further trouble.

In the time of Cromwell and his Puritans, as Hume relates, "The keeping of Christmas holidays was long a great mark of malignancy, and very severely censured by the Commons. Even minced-pies, which custom had made a Christmas dish among the churchmen, was regarded during that season as a profane and superstitious viand by the sectarians, though at other times it agreed very well with their stomachs."

We still dress up both our churches and houses with the mistletoe and Glastonbury thorn, whose flourishing at Christmas used to be counted miraculous. The custom of singing Christmas carols, and the midnight performance of the waits, are likewise retained by us, and are thus prettily described by a modern poet:—

— "Now too is heard  
The hapless cripple, tuning through the streets  
His carol new; and oft, amid the gloom  
Of midnight hours, prevail th' accustomed sounds  
Of wakeful waits, whose harmony (composed  
Of hautboy, organ, violin, and flute,  
And various other instruments of mirth,)  
Is meant to celebrate the coming time.

F. R. Y.

## SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

### CHRISTMAS REVELS.

ARCHDEACON NARES has pointed out a curious narration of Christmas revels in England, to be found in *Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana*, published from an original manuscript in St. John's College, Oxford; and yet another is given in Gerard Leigh's *Accidence of Armory*, p. 119. The dishes most in vogue were, formerly, for breakfast and supper, on Christmas-eve, a boar's head stuck with rosemary, with an apple or an orange in the mouth, plum porridge, and minced pies. Eating the latter was a test of orthodoxy, as the Puritans conceived it to be an abomination; they were originally made long, in imitation of the cratch, or manger, in which our Lord was laid. The houses and churches were dressed with evergreens, and the former especially with mistletoe, a custom probably as old as the Druidical worship. Fosbrooke, in his *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*, p. 507, speaking of various local customs, men-

tions that the servants of Hamburg had a carp for supper on Christmas-eve; and Waldron, in his *Description of the Isle of Man*, p. 99, among many other curious particulars, relates that at this season parties sate up all night, went to church at twelve, and, after service, hunted and killed a wren, which they carried on a bier to church, and their buried with dirges and whimsical solemnity.

In days of yore, the festivities at Christmas were universally felt and enjoyed by all ranks. Whether from a principle of religion, or from habit and custom, the rich liberally treated the poor; and thus a season in itself naturally gloomy and desolate, passed in the interchange of social visits and hospitable entertainments. Even in modern times many visit each other at Christmas, who have little intercourse during the rest of the year. In the more remote parts of the kingdom, more especially, the genius of hospitality has not yet deserted the yule fireside, nor has the joyous solemnity ceased to warm the bosom of charity.

Of "Christmas Husbandly Fare," honest Tusser furnishes us with a genuine picture, which is interesting, as descriptive of the mode of living of our ancestors three centuries ago. The different viands enumerated are still known by the names which they bear in the text, if we except "shred pies," which appear to be mince-pies, as they are now called. Butcher's meat, poultry, native fruits, and home-brewed, were then thought amply sufficient.

Good husband and housewife, now chafly be glad,  
Things handsome to have, as they ought to be  
had.

They both do provide, against Christmas do  
come,

To welcome good neighbour, good cheer to have  
some.

Good bread and good drink, a good fire in the  
hall,

Brawn, pudding, and souse, and good mustard  
withall.

Beef, mutton, and pork, shred pies of the best,  
Fig, veal, goose, and capon, and turkey well  
drest,

Cheese, apples, and nuts, joly carols to hear,  
As then in the country, is counted good cheer.

Hospitality seems to have been a prominent feature in the character of Tusser; and to that cause, as well as to an unsteady disposition, may probably be ascribed the poverty in which he lived and died. When he tells us that,

Of all other doings house-keeping is chief,  
For daily it helpeth the poor with relief,

however much we may admire his generosity, we question his prudence. But the fact is, in former times, hospitality was practised at a cheaper rate than in the present times. As luxury was increased the variety and expense of the bill of fare, social entertainments have declined, or at least have become unfrequent from necessity. The friendly repast has given way to the expensive feast, and the intercourse of neighbours is, therefore, rare and formal.—*Time's Telescope*.

## TIME.

BY MR. BOWRING.

On! on! our moments hurry by,  
Like shadows of a passing cloud,  
Till general darkness wraps the sky,  
And man sleeps senseless in his shroud.

He sports, he trifles time away,  
Till time is his to waste no more:  
Heedless he hears the surges play;  
And then is dashed upon the shore.

He has no thought of coming days,  
Though they alone deserve his thought  
And so the heedless wanderer strays,  
And treasures nought and gathers nought.

Though wisdom speak—his ear is dull;  
Though virtue smile—he sees her not  
His cup of vanity is full,  
And all besides forgone—forgot.

*Ibid.*THE ABBOT OF UNREASON, OR  
LORD OF MISRULE IN SCOTLAND.

UNDER James V., of Scotland, the sons of noblemen often assumed the lead in the revels of this abbot; and it is said the king did not disdain to personate the gamesome abbot, who was always selected according to the advantages of command, stature, inventive fancy, frolic, and enterprise; but his real quality was a secret confided only to his guard. The *guisars*, as they are named, who go at Christmas from house to house, in all the towns of Scotland, are supposed to be a slight remnant of the custom of the abbat. The body-guards of the Abbot of Unreason were all arrayed in gaudy colours, bedecked with gold or silver lace, with embroidery and silken scarves, the fringed ends of which floated in the wind. They wore chains of gold, or baser metal gilt, and glittering with mock jewels. Their legs were adorned and rendered voluble by links of shining metal, hung with many bells of the same material, twining from the ankle of their buskins to their silken garters; and each flourished in his hand a rich silk handkerchief, brocaded over with flowers. This was the garb of

fifty or more youths, who encircled the person of the leader. They were surrounded by ranks, six or more in depth, consisting of tall, brawny, fierce-visaged men, covered with crimson or purple velvet bonnets, and nodding plumes of the eagle and the hawk, or branches of pine, yew, oak, fern, box-wood, or flowering heath. Their jerkins were always of a hue that might attract the eye of ladies in the bowers, or serving-damsels at the washing-green; they had breeches of immense capacity, so padded or stuffed as to make each man occupy the space of five, in their natural proportions; and in this seeming soft raiment they concealed weapons of defence or offence, with which to arm themselves and the body-guard, if occasion called for resistance. To appearance they had no object but careless sport and glee, some playing on the Scottish harp, others blowing the bagpipes, or beating targets for drums, or jingling bells. Whenever the procession halted they danced, flourishing about the banners of their leader. The exterior bands, perhaps, represented, in dumb show or pantomime, the actions of warriors or the wildest buffoonery; and those were followed by crowds who, with all the grimaces and phrases of waggery, solicited money or garniture from the nobles and gentry that came to gaze upon them. Wherever they appeared multitudes joined them; some for the sake of jollity, and not a few to have their fate predicted by spae-wives, warlocks, and interpreters of dreams, who invariably were found in the train of the Abbot of Unreason.

The procession went about at all times, particularly in May, and in fine weather. The irregularities and outrages, however, perpetrated under this disguise became so flagrant, that by an act of the Scottish parliament, during the reign of queen Mary, in 1555, the Abbot of Unreason and his sports incurred a heavy censure and rigid prohibition.—*Ibid.*

## The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM  
NEW WORKS.

## STAG HUNTING.

IN regard to stag hunting, upon which I intend to make a few observations, it has gradually given way to the increasing cultivation of the country; and as the object of pursuit has nearly ceased to exist in a state of unlimited freedom, this

noble and princely diversion has, of course, in a great degree subsided. Some few wild deer are still to be met with in Ireland; in the Highlands of Scotland, particularly in the neighbourhood of Blair Athol, these beautiful animals are still to be found roaming at large; in some parts of Devonshire, wild deer may be occasionally seen; but the mode in which the pursuit of them is at present conducted in this country, (with very little, if any exception,) is by taking a semi-domesticated deer in a cart to an appointed spot, and turning him out before the hounds. Reasonable law is allowed him; nor is this all; for if the hounds approach too near their game, they are stopped, and the stag allowed to get ahead again. Sometimes the animal is sulky, and will not run; but supposing the contrary, and the stag goes away in gallant style, the hounds would soon run up to him, if they were not stopped; the stag is very soon blown, and if not allowed to get second wind, the business of course must be over in a few minutes. However, by repeatedly stopping the hounds, the chase is sometimes lengthened to several hours, and is thus, no doubt, highly gratifying to the stag hunter; but would perhaps appear like an apology for hunting in the estimation of a fox hunter.

His late majesty, George III., was very partial to stag-hunting; but it has been remarked that if he "had ever seen a fox well found and handsomely killed," he would have preferred the pursuit of the fox to that of the stag; I have no doubt such would have been the case—it could not have been otherwise. The stag-hunting of George III. was gorgeous and imposing, and this monarch was affable in the field. The late king sat tolerably well on horseback; yet the hounds were frequently stopped to enable him to come up, when they were again suffered to proceed; a fox hunter would have thought little of such doings; but he would nevertheless have been highly gratified with the pleasing familiarity of the king. His present majesty, George IV., does not attend the royal hounds, though they go out regularly by his command, and are kept up in as much style, (if not more,) than they were during the life of his father.

The earl of Derby also has an establishment for stag-hunting; and his lordship pursues the stag during the season in Surrey. The hounds for the purpose have been bred from fox hounds, and are consequently very fleet. There are a few other stag-hunting establishments in England, which, however, do not require any particular notice in this place.

The stag-hunting of former days was a very different business. Prior to the enclosure of the various forests, wild deer were plentiful, and the stag at this period, in all probability, afforded excellent runs—in fact, stag-hunting at that time might be regarded in the same light as fox-hunting is viewed at the present day, namely, as superior to all other diversions of the field.

Of the stag-hunting of former times, some idea may be formed from the following:—

The huntsman rose at early morn to track the deer to his lair, and then being sure of his game, returned to the sportsmen, who, we must suppose, dined at our hour of breakfasting, and afterwards hid them to the chase.

I am the hunt, which rather and early rise,  
(My bottell fild with wine in any wise)  
Two draughts I drinke, to stay my steps  
withall,  
For each foote one, because I would not fall.  
Then take my hound, in liam me behind,  
The stately hart in fryth or fell to find.  
And whiles I seeke his slotte where he hath  
fedde,  
The sweet byrdes sing, to cheare my drowse  
head.  
And when my hound doth straine upon good  
vent,  
I must confesse, the same doth me content.  
But when I haue my couerts walkt about,  
And harbrad fast, the hart for coming out;  
Then I returne, to make a grane report,  
Whereas I find the assembly doth resort.  
And lowe I crouch, before the lordlings all,  
Out of my borne, the fewmets let I fall.  
Ond other signes and tokens do I tell,  
To make them hope, the hart may like them  
well.  
Then they command, that I the wine should  
taste;  
So biddes mine art—and so my throat I baste.  
The dinner done, I go straightwayes againe,  
Vnto my markes, and show my master plaine.  
Then put my hound, vpon the view to drawe,  
And rowse the hart out of his layre by lawe.  
Ogamsters all, (a little by your leaue)  
Can you such joyes in trifling games con-  
ceale?"

#### The Hunting Directory.

#### CHINESE ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following is an advertisement extracted from a periodical paper published in Canton:—"I, Achen Teu Chinchén—a lineal descendant of Coap Boi Roche Chinchén, the celebrated sculptor and carver in wood, who, through his unremitted studies to promote rational religious worship, by the classical touches of his knife and chisel, has been honoured by the emperors, kings, and rajahs of the east, and supplied them with superior idols

for public and domestic worship, now humbly offer my services in the same theological line, having travelled from hence at a considerable expense to perfect myself in anatomy, and in copying the most graceful attitudes of the human figure, under those able masters, Nollekens and Bacon. Achen Teu Chinchin is now in possession of casts of the most approved models and Elgin marbles, he is ready to execute to order, idols from twelve feet high, well proportioned, down to the size of a marmoset monkey, or the most hideous monster that can be conceived, to inspire awe or reverence for religion. My charges are moderate; for an ourang-outang, three feet high, seven hundred dollars; ditto, rampant, eight hundred; a sphinx, four hundred; a bull, with hump and horns, six hundred and fifty; a buffalo, eight hundred; a dog, two hundred; ditto couchant, one hundred and fifty; and an ass, in a braying attitude, eight hundred and fifty;—the most durable materials will be used. Of statuary granite, brass, and copper, I have provided sufficient to complete orders to any extent. Perishable wood shall never disgrace a deity made by my hands. Posterity may see the objects of their fathers' devotions unvexed by the inclemencies of the seasons, the embrace of pious pilgrims, or their tears on the solemn prostrations before them. Small idols for domestic worship, or made into portable compass for pilgrims; the price will be proportionate to the size and weight. Any order, post paid, accompanied by a drawing and description of the idol, will be promptly attended to, provided that one half of the expense be first paid, and the remainder secured by any respectable house in Canton."

### Miscellaneous.

#### ANECDOTE OF PETER THE GREAT.

ONE of the Czar's architects, a Frenchman, named Le Blond, a very honest man, had, by some means or other, drawn upon himself the dislike of Menzicoff, who, being resolved to do him an ill turn, effected it in the following manner.

Peter was particularly attached to his gardens, which he had planted with his own hands; Menzicoff, knowing this, took advantage of his master's absence to write him word that Le Blond, in spite of all the remonstrances he had made him, had just cut down the trees of those very gardens. This statement was at once true and false; Le Blond had,

in fact, cut them, but only the higher branches which intercepted the view. He had also topped the trees, an operation by which they are preserved. The Czar never thought of this distinction, and, not imagining that Menzicoff would convey him so gross a falsehood, arrived in great fury at Peterhoff, where the first object he saw was Le Blond, who was coming hastily to meet him, and to whom he instantly gave a violent blow with his cane. Le Blond, more wounded with the affront than with the blow, returned to the house, where he fell ill of a fever, which nearly cost him his life. Nevertheless the Czar hastened to examine his gardens, and seeing all the trees still standing and simply topped, sent immediately to make his excuses to Le Blond, and being informed that he was ill, had every possible care taken of him. Upon the stairs of the castle, he met Menzicoff, and reproached him, with having grossly deceived him. Menzicoff tried to excuse himself, but the Czar still persisted in charging him with the falsehood, and, telling him that Le Blond was ill, seized him by the collar, and dashed him against the wall, saying, "You alone, wretch, are the cause of his illness."

#### HUMOROUS REQUEST.

IN the Menagerie at Versailles, in the time of Louis XV., there was a very fine dromedary, who, being brought from a climate infinitely hotter than ours, became in a very languid condition. To revive the heat of his body, which was nearly extinguished, the keeper was ordered to give the animal daily four bottles of wine, with a certain quantity of bread. Those orders he executed with the most scrupulous attention, but to no purpose; for the creature wasted away gradually, and the general debility of his members indicated his approaching death. On this occasion, the honest fellow approached the king, and solicited of his majesty some recompense for the extraordinary care that he had taken of the dying animal. Well! what is your wish? said the king. Sire, replied the Swiss, if it meets your majesty's pleasure, I only desire the *reversion* of what was given to the dromedary. The king, it is said, laughed heartily at the *naiveté* of his request, and appointed him to the *survivorship* he required.

#### INSTANCE OF MEMORY.

It is stated, that Josef del Castillo, a Spaniard, who was frequently employed



by Philip II. in matters of great importance, in which he acquitted himself with so much probity, as to acquire the appellation of *Ministro verdadero*, possessed the gift of memory to such an astonishing degree, that he knew the bible by heart, and could repeat the entire works of Seneca with the utmost facility.

### THE FATE OF THE CAPPUCHS.

(For the Mirror.)

THE barbarity of the Highlanders in former times, even to those of their own nation, almost exceeds belief. I give the following story as it was told to me in Scotland; not doubting but that so amiable a picture of the manners of the times will amuse most readers:—

Something more than two centuries ago, the Cappuchs (a father and six sons) inhabited a castle near Hoch Dich, in the Highlands, whose bitter enemies were McDonald Glengarry and his clan; to defend themselves from the predatory incursions of this chieftain, the Cappuchs built a double wall, roofed it, and thought it a strong and secure hiding-place; part of it went over a well, and when Glengarry next renewed his hostilities, the Cappuchs entered their place of refuge. Here, however, the clan shortly discovered them, caused their heads to be struck off, washed in the well, and sent to his castle, where they remained more than two centuries, till a few years since the present Glengarry, in order to procure casts, despatched them to Edinburgh. The said casts are now fixed on a stone bar over the well, with that of the hand which decapitated the unfortunate Cappuchs, holding, it is asserted, the identical instrument that perpetrated the bloody deed, while four inscriptions, in different languages, placed beneath these terrible mementos, tell the tale.—“Horrible objects,” exclaimed my informant, “placed near the road side, the traveller cannot avoid seeing them, and must shudder at the ghastly aspects of the victims of vengeance!” I could not, however, learn whether the *real* heads are still above ground, or whether the present Glengarry has consigned those miserable relics to the tomb.

M. L. B.

### AN AWFUL MOMENT.

I SAILED from New Orleans in the beginning of February, in a small schooner, bound for New York. We descended the river without any accident, and went to sea with a fine breeze. We had favourable winds and good weather for the first five days; on the morning of the

sixth it began to cloud up; as the day wore away the gloom increased; and when the night set in, it was as intensely dark as I ever remember to have seen it. The novelty and interest of my situation prevented me from turning in. The scene was awfully grand; the rolling of the thunder could just be distinguished above the roaring of the waves, and the vivid flashes of lightning dispersed for a moment the gloom, and showed the raging waters round us. I continued walking the deck with the captain, who was relating to me some of the many dangers and difficulties that a life of thirty years on the ocean had subjected him to. He had been thrice shipwrecked, and twice captured by the enemy in the late war with England. He was a good seaman, and had all the virtues and vices of a sailor. We continued on deck some time; the wind was increased to a gale. The waves ran mountains high, and our little vessel danced over them in fine style, when accidentally casting my eye over her side, I thought I perceived something dark moving in the water; I pointed it out to the captain, who no sooner saw it, than with an exclamation of terror and despair he cried, “*We are all lost,*” and sprung to the binnacle for his trumpet. I saw in an instant our danger; it was a large ship bearing full upon us. I knew if she struck us our destruction was inevitable; she would pass over us in a moment; the people on her deck would be scarce sensible of the event, and we should be buried in the ocean without the least possibility of relief. The captain twice raised his trumpet to hail her, but fright and despair made him mute. I snatched it from him, and in a voice rendered supernaturally loud by the danger of my situation, and which was heard even above the roaring of the waves, I hailed her with, “*Starboard your helm.*” In an instant after I heard the officer of her deck, in a voice scarcely less loud than mine, pass the word of “*Hard a starboard.*” In another moment she passed us with the velocity of lightning, her huge bulk and lofty sails casting a still deeper gloom over the deck of our little vessel. She rolled in the chasm occasioned by the passing of the vast body so nigh her, and nearly upset. I sunk on deck overcome by the intensity of my feelings, deprived as it were of the power of motion. I recovered myself and approached our captain; he was standing in the same position as before the vessel had passed us, and appeared to be insensible to the objects around him. I spoke to him, but he answered me not; I shook him, and he roused as from a stupor or

reverie. It was some time before his mind resumed her empire, and he afterwards told me, that in all his danger and perils, and when death stared him in the face, and deliverance seemed impossible, he was never so impressed with the certainty of his destruction as at that moment. As for me I shall never forget my feelings on that eventful night, and cannot even now look back without horror on the danger of my situation.

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton

AN, who would envy Tom his sense,  
And scorn his neighbour's riches?  
Since lordly fools abound in pence,  
And wits wear ragged breeches.

BISHOP BERKELEY has observed, and with great truth, that fields, groves, and meadows are no where in such perfection as in England; and it is a remark of Charles II., that a gentleman may walk out oftener, and with much greater comfort, in England, than in any other country of Europe.

ROGER PAYNE, the celebrated English bookbinder, ended a life of labour, poverty, and intemperance, in St. Martin's-lane, and was buried at the expense of his friend, Mr. Payne, the bookseller, though no relation. His workmanship was in a very superior style, and consequently procured him high prices, and the books bound by him continue to obtain large sums. For the binding of an *Æschylus* for Lord Spencer, he received fifteen guineas. He was very singular in his conduct; he made all his own tools, and never would work before any person, but always in some secluded cellar, and only when his necessities called upon him for exertion.

THE sole right of the ferry between London and Gravesend was secured by charter, at the instance of the abbot of St. Mary of Graces, on Tower-hill, to the men of Gravesend and Milton, on condition that they should "provide boats on purpose, and carry all persons, either at twopence per head with his bundle, or the whole boat's fare should be four shillings." But before that time they appear to have enjoyed the prescriptive right; as, in a record in the *Registum Rossense*, dated 1293, the watermen are ordered to take in future "but one halfpenny of a person passing, as they did formerly, and

not to exact fares hurtful to or against the will of the people."

A COUNTRY clergyman preaching a very dull sermon, set all his congregation asleep, except one poor fellow, who was generally deficient in intellect. At length the reverend orator, looking round, exclaimed, with great indignation, "What, all asleep but this poor idiot!"—"Aye," quoth the fellow, "and if I had not been an idiot, I should have gone to sleep too."

### EPIGRAM.

#### *Praise of a Lady's Grey Hair*

THOUGH age has chang'd thee—late so fair,  
I love thee ne'er the worse;  
For when he took thy golden hair,  
He fill'd with gold thy purse.

ALPHONSO, king of Arragon, went one day with several of his courtiers to see some trinkets at a jeweller's. He had scarcely left the shop when the jeweller hastened after him, complaining that a very valuable diamond had been abstracted by one of the party. The king returned to the shop, and ordered a large vessel full of bran to be brought; he then desired each person to plunge his hand, closed, into the vessel, and to withdraw it open; he himself set the example. When every one had put in his hand, he ordered the jeweller to empty the vase upon the table; by this means the diamond was recovered, and no one was disgraced.

EXTRACT from the parish-register of St. Cuthbert, York:—"Ann Groves, of Bromagrove, in Worcestershire, died on Wednesday, the 29th October, 1788, aged five years, at the Clifford's Tower, Peasholm-green; in height, four feet; round the breast, four feet two inches; round the hips, four feet six inches; round each leg, eighteen inches; weight, sixteen stone!! She was buried in St. Cuthbert's church-yard, Peasholm."

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ON Saturday next will be published with No. 230 of the *MIRROR*, a Supplementary Number, embellished with an elegantly-engraved Portrait on Steel of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, with a Biographical Memoir.

A full answer to Correspondents will also be given in our next.

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